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"Such is the poll-tax which this war has imposed upon the people of Christendom in the single article of bread ; but all other provisions (so of many other expenses) have been enhanced by it nearly in the same proportion. If grain constitutes one-half the food of Christendom, the other half has probably been subjected to the same poll-tax. So it may, we think, be a fair and moderate calculation to assume that one year of this war will add \$2,000,000,000 to the price of those articles of food which constitute the necessities of life to the people of Europe and America. And this mighty amount does not pay for powder, ships and soldiers, after all. It is that wanton ruin of human comfort which war spreads over countries which its bloody sword does not reach."

Such are a few, though the slightest, of the evils which the Cause of Peace seeks to avert from mankind ; and, in this view alone, it is the most magnificent, far-reaching charity the world ever saw or conceived ; a scheme of benevolence that does not merely cure the diseases of a few here, and save from starvation a few there, but *prevents* want, disease and famine to millions, and sends its blessed influences into every lane and garret, every hamlet and hut in the civilized world. It is a wholesale charity, the cheapest, surest, and most comprehensive ever devised. One dollar spent aright in this cause, may ultimately prevent more suffering, and secure more good to the mass of mankind, than thousands bestowed, however wisely at the time, for the relief of want and wo occasioned by actual war.

SKEETCHES OF THE EASTERN WAR.

We continue our record of brief, condensed statements from witnesses on the spot, to show what war is under the meridian of the nineteenth century, and between nations calling themselves civilized and christian, and what consequently it ever must be under the best possible influences that will permit so gross a libel and so terrible an outrage on humanity. Well does the London *Times*, a devoted champion of the war, ask, "Do English readers know what these words, '*the horrors of war*,' mean ? They include sufferings more dreadful, and calamities more sweeping, than inexperienced minds can possibly conceive ; destruction of life, property and liberty ; disruption of society, demolition of law, and the substitution of confusion, anarchy, confiscation and terror, for all those institutions and practices which go to shape our daily lives."

SKEETCHES OF THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.—Now commenced the bloodiest struggle ever witnessed since war cursed the earth. It has been doubted by military historians if an enemy ever stood a charge with the bayonet. But here the bayonet was often the only weapon employed in conflicts the most obstinate and deadly. Not only did we charge in vain, not only were desperate encounters between masses of men maintained with the bayonet alone, but we were obliged to resist, bayonet to bayonet, the Russian infantry again and again, as they charged us with incredible fury and determination. The battle of Inkermann admits of no description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights,

of despairing rallies, of desperate assaults, in glens and vallies, in brushwood glades and remote dells hidden from all human eyes, and from which the conqueror, Russian or British, issued only to engage fresh foes.

The fight about the battery was most sanguinary. There was no banquette to stand upon, and the men inside could not fire upon the enemy. The Russians advanced, mass after mass of infantry. As fast as one column was broken and repulsed, another took its place. For three long hours, about 8500 British Infantry contended against at least four times their number. No wonder that at times they were compelled to retire. But they came to the charge again.

Long ere the guns were brought up, there had been a great slaughter of the enemy, and a heavy loss of our own men. Our generals could not see where to go; they could not tell where the enemy were, from what side they were coming, or where going to. In darkness, gloom and pain, they had to lead our lines through thick, scrubby bushes and thorny brakes, which broke our ranks, and irritated the men, while every pace was marked by a corpse, or men wounded from an enemy whose position was indicated only by the rattle of musketry, and the rush of ball and shell.

A deadly volley was poured into our scattered regiments. Sir George Cathcart cheered them, and led them back up the hill; but a flight of bullets passed where he rode, and he fell from his horse close to the Russian columns. The men had to fight their way through a host of enemies, and consequently lost fearfully. They were surrounded and bayoneted on all sides, and won their desperate way up the hill with the loss of near 500 men. Sir George Cathcart's body was afterwards recovered, with a bullet wound in the head, and three bayonet wounds in the body.

A Private's description of the Battle. — Oh, such a charge! Never think of the gallop and trot which you have often witnessed in the Phenix Park, when you desire to form a notion of a genuine blood-hot, all-mad charge, such as that I have come out of. From the moment we dashed at the enemy, I knew nothing but that I was impelled by some irresistible force onward, and by some invisible influence to crush every obstacle which stumbled before my good sword and brave old charger. I never in my life experienced such a sublime sensation as in the moment of the charge. Some fellows talk of being *demonic*. I know this, that it was such as made me a match for any two ordinary men, and gave me such an amount of glorious indifference to life, as I thought it impossible to be master of. It would do your heart good to hear the most magnificent cheer with which we dashed into what P. calls the "gully scrimmage." Forward — dash — bang — clank, and there we were in the midst of such smoke, cheer and clatter, as never before stunned a mortal's ear. It was glorious! Down, one by one, aye, two by two, fell the thick-sculled and over-numerous Cossacks, and other lads of the tribe of old Nick. Down, too, alas! fell many a hero with a warm Celtic heart, and more than one fell screaming loud for victory. I could not pause. It was all push, wheel, frenzy, strike, and down, down, down, they went. Twice I was unhorsed, and more than once I had to grip my sword tighter, the blood of foes streaming down over the hilt, and running up my very sleeve.

I cannot depict my feelings when we returned. I sat down, completely exhausted, and unable to eat, though deadly hungry. All my uniform, my hands, my very face, were bespattered with blood. It was that of the enemy! Grand idea! But my feelings, they were full of such exultation as it is impossible to describe. At least twelve of the Russians were sent wholly out of the "way of the war," by my good steel alone, and at least as many more put on the passage to that peaceful exit by the same excellent weapon. So also can others say. What a thing to reflect on! I have almost grown a soldier philosopher, and most probably will one of these days, if the bullets which are flying about so abundantly, give me time to brush up.

THE FIELD AFTER BATTLE. — "On hearing of the battle, I went over the field. It was a sight that can never be described. A considerable number, some 900 or 1,000 Russians, killed and wounded, were lying among our tents, and here also were many, too many corpses of Zouaves and French infantry of the line. All our wounded had been removed, and the wounded of the enemy were being gathered in. The kindness and attention of our fellows to their helpless enemies were beyond all praise. They brought them water, got knapsacks to put under their heads, and got blankets in which to cover them from the raw night air. Here and there small groups of them stood absorbed in pity round some prostrate foe to whom their kindness came too late, and who, shot either through the head or lungs, gasped out his existence in painful sobs, or terminated it in a horrible convulsion, which made your blood curdle to hear."

A little above the line of tents was the brow of the hill overlooking Inkermann Lights. Here was the spot where the allied artillery engaged that of the enemy after the retreat, and here the sight was sickening indeed. There is nothing so awful as the spectacle of the bodies of those who have been struck down by round shot or shell. One poor fellow had been struck by two 24 pounders in the head and body. A shell afterwards burst on him, and tore him to pieces; and it was only by the fragments of cloth, with the regimental buttons adhering, that you could tell that the rough bloody mass which lay in the road had ever been a human being. But it is useless to dwell on these sickening details; suffice it to say, that here among the carcasses of some two hundred killed and wounded horses, lay the bodies of our brave English and French artillerymen, all more or less frightfully mutilated. Some had their heads taken off at the neck, as though with an axe; others their legs gone from the hips; others their arms; and others again who were hit in the chest or stomach, were as smashed as if they had been crushed in a machine. But it was not alone the Allies who lay here; on the contrary, there were ten Russian corpses to one of theirs, but the latter were all killed by musketry before the artillery came up.

Passing up the road to Sebastopol between heaps of Russian dead, you come to the spot where the Guards had been compelled to retire from the defence of the wall above Inkermann Valley. Here our dead were nearly as numerous as the enemy's. Across the path, side by side, lay five Guardsmen, who were all killed by one round shot as they advanced to charge the enemy. They lay on their faces in the same attitude, with their muskets tightly grasped in both hands, and all had the same grim, painful frown upon their features, like men who were struck down in the act of closing with their foes. Beyond this, the Russians, Guardsmen, and line regiments lay thick as leaves, intermixed with dead and wounded horses. The latter, with fractured limbs, were seen rising, and, after staggering a few steps, rolling over among the corpses, snorting and plunging fearfully. Up to the right of the wall was the way to the Two-gun Battery. The path lay through thick brush-wood; but the path was slippery with blood, and the brushwood was broken down and encumbered with the dead. The scene from the battery was awful — awful beyond description. I stood upon its parapet at about nine at night, and I felt my heart sink as I gazed upon the scene of carnage around. The moon was at its full, and showed every object as if by the light of day. Facing me was the valley of Inkermann, with the Tchernaya like a band of silver flowing gracefully between the hills, and, round the spot from which I surveyed the scene, lay upwards of 5,000 bodies. Many badly wounded also lay there; and their low, dull moans of mortal agony struck with terrible distinctness upon the ear; or, worse still, the boarse gurgling cry, and vehement struggles of those who were convulsed before they passed away.

Round the hill small groups of men with hospital stretchers were searching

out for those who still survived ; and others again, with lanterns, busily turning over the dead, looking for the bodies of the officers who were known to be killed, but who had not been found. Here also were English women whose husbands had not returned, hurrying about with loud lamentations, turning the faces of our dead to the moonlight, and eagerly seeking for what they feared to find. These latter were far more to be pitied than the inanimate forms of those who lay slaughtered around. The ambulances as fast as they came up, received their load of sufferers, and even blankets were employed to convey the wounded to the rear. Outside the battery the Russians lay two and three deep. Inside the place was literally filled with bodies of Russians, Guardsmen, 55th and 20th. The fine tall forms of our fellows could be distinguished at a glance, though the gray great-coats, stained with blood, rendered them alike externally. They lay as they fell, in heaps ; sometimes our men over three or four Russians, and sometimes a Russian over three or four of ours. Some had passed away with a smile on their faces, and seemed as if asleep ; others were horribly contorted, and with distended eyes and swollen features appeared to have died in agony, but defying to the last. Some lay as if prepared for burial, and as though the hands of relatives had arranged their mangled limbs ; while others again were in almost startling positions, half standing or kneeling, clutching their weapons, or drawing a cartridge. Many lay with both their hands extended towards the sky, as if to avert a blow, or utter a prayer, while others had a malignant scowl of mingled fear and hatred, as if indeed they died despairing. The moonlight imparted an aspect of unnatural paleness to their forms ; and as the cold damp wind swept round the hills, and waved the boughs above their upturned faces, the shadows gave a horrible appearance of vitality ; and it seemed as if the dead were laughing, and about to rise. This was not the case on one spot alone, but all over the bloody field.

THE DEAD ON THE FIELD. — Here the fight had been fiercest, and the sight exceeds all description. For a great distance the ground was absolutely covered with dead ; Russians, Zouaves, Frenchmen of the line, English guardsmen and linesmen, lay heaped together. Here was the greatest slaughter ; but everywhere, where fighting had been, there was no want of bodies. The wounds were frightful — some were ripped open with shot or shell, some had their legs blown off, others were headless, and the brains of many had actually dripped out of the immense holes made by the Minie bullets, leaving the skull empty. From first to last it was hand-to-hand bush-fighting — regular butchery.

The ground is thickly covered with dwarf oaks, and the dead and wounded are lying on hill and valley, even down to the plain. It will be some time before they are all discovered. Many of the wounded were not then brought in ; and the troops are so hard worked that some time will elapse before it can be done, and all the dead buried ; and the dead horses are so numerous that it is no easy matter to get them even out of the camp. Many of the wounded were dying for want of assistance ; they had not even had a drop of water, and their moaning was horrible. It could not be helped, for there was no one to go out to give it to them ; and water is scarce, and has to be brought from a great distance. The dead men are being piled up in arbas, and drawn down to the valleys, where great holes are being made to receive them, and the bodies are laid in crosswise, head and feet alternately. The Guards lost an untold number ; how great their loss was may be gathered from their burying eight officers (the Coldstreams) in one grave ; and the same number wounded of the Fusileers. The sergeant who gave the names of the dead, could not keep from tears. Inquiries after particular regiments, of the wounded belonging to them, and how they came off, especially in the second and first divisions, were only met with the answers, ‘No one knows the exact numbers. We are fearfully cut up.’

"I shall never forget," says a soldier writing to his mother in England, "the 25th of October—shells, bullets, cannon-balls, and swords flying all round us. Dear mother, every time I think of my poor comrades, it makes my blood run cold to think how we had to gallop over the poor wounded fellows lying on the field of battle, with anxious looks for assistance. What a sickening scene!"

SABRE STROKES.—Some fearful sabre cuts were discovered. I saw one man with his head cloven to the chin, through helmet and all, so that the head appeared in two flaps; another with his arm lopped off, as if it had been done with a butcher's cleaver; and a third having a deep gash in the brain from behind, severing the head nearly in two; and yet this unfortunate man was alive, and several times sat up in great agony, actually holding his head together with both hands.

MORAL TRAITS DEVELOPED IN THE COMBATANTS.—*From a cavalry soldier.*—There were the Scotch Greys and First Royals up at this time, and we charged. The Russians had nothing else for it, so they charged at the same time. Oh, God! I cannot describe it; they were so superior to us in numbers that they outflanked us, and we were in the middle of them. I never certainly felt less fear than at that time, and I hope God will forgive me, for I *felt more like a devil than a man!* I escaped without a scratch, though I was covered with blood. But, oh! the work of slaughter that then begun—'twas truly awful! We cut them down like sheep, and they did not seem to have power to resist.

MISREPRESENTATION OF LOSSES IN THE WAR.—A Member of Parliament, at its recent session in December last, had the impudent mendacity to declare, that "in all the engagements in the Crimea, from the beginning to the end, there had not been a greater loss than 5,132! That number included 3,722 who had died of disease and wounds, as well as 1350 who had been killed." It would seem as if the father of lies himself could hardly have had the effrontery to utter so gross and glaring an untruth. It is quite a match for the patriotic mendacity which boasted in Congress, that our victories in the Mexican war cost us less than a tenth part of the lives known by every man of ordinary intelligence to have been sacrificed on our part alone.

We have no space to illustrate in detail the fearful waste of life in this war; but there is ample proof, that the troops on both sides are melting away into the grave, like snow beneath the sun and showers of April. In one mad assault, more than two thirds of the men fell on the spot; one fine corps of 3,000 strong, the admiration of London as they left England, and of Constantinople as they marched through the streets of that city, were reduced in a few months to 1,800 weak and wasted men; and some correspondents in Europe suppose the Allies already to have lost 50,000 men.

PROBABLE CONTINUANCE OF THE WAR.—"The war," says a well informed American writing from Europe to the *National Intelligencer*, "is scarcely begun. The Emperor is only preparing for war. Next year he will have in the field, ready for active battle, one and a half millions of soldiers well drilled. The people are all for war; and he has no trouble in getting soldiers, for it is with them a religious war. They want the Christian faith to be sanctioned over the world. They are the most devout people on earth, and the last crucifix will go for the war before they will give it up."

The clamor in England, both among its rulers and its people, is earnest

for the determined prosecution of the contest ; and, in response to this demand, the Secretary of War says on behalf of the government, " we are prepared to prosecute the war with firm resolve and unflinching firmness. We will not reject overtures of peace ; but we will not consent to any but an honorable peace. We have full confidence in the Ruler of the destinies of nations, and we have the highest hope of bringing the contest to a satisfactory issue. It is not for us to determine the time when it will be possible to bring such a war to a close ; but we will bring it to such a close as will give repose to civilization, and security to those nations of Europe which have been thrown into confusion by the act of one aggressive sovereign." With such a spirit on both sides,—and France is not less determined than England,—no human eye can foresee when the struggle will end. It may, as the Czar is reported to have said, outlive the present generation.

THE RELIGION OF WAR :

OR THIS WAR A TEST OF THE CHRISTIANITY PREVALENT IN CHRISTENDOM.

It is well that we have in the New Testament an authentic and immutable record of Christianity as it came from heaven ; for, if we had not, its enemies might, with no little plausibility, stigmatize what too often passes under the name as the spawn of a barbarous and bloody paganism, an embodiment of Mars and Moloch, rather than the God of Love, and the Prince of Peace ; a religion of hell more than of heaven. This war is giving many a queer and revolting commentary on the misconceptions of Christianity that prevail not only among godless rulers and the rabble million, but even among the professed followers and ministers of Christ. Christians of all the great sects, Papists, Protestants and Greeks, hold the war, each on their own side, to be consonant with *their* religion, and therefore as exhibiting a fair specimen of their respective Christianity.

The proof is at hand. Look at Russia's justification of the war, as a holy crusade in defence of her faith. Hear the Pope's vindication of it *against* Russia on the same ground ; and observe how the pulpit and the *religious* press of England, with singular unanimity and zeal, enforce it as a war imperative on them as *Christians*. But let us come to facts, first of the Russians, and then of the English :

NICHOLAS AT HIS PRAYERS FOR THE WAR. — It is well known that the Czar, last November, sent two of his sons with his reinforcements to Sebastopol ; and before they left St. Petersburg, a solemn religious service was held in the presence of 35,000 of his army, when the Czar, his sons, and troops, *all kne't on the field, and invoked the blessing of heaven on their arms.*

A Russian Archbishop before the Battle of Inkermann. — "In heaven," said he, among other things, "it has been decreed that the sceptre which is to rule over the whole world, shall remain alone in the right hand of the Lord's appointed, the autocrat of all the Russias." The testimony from all in Russia is, that his subjects, almost to a man, regard the war as a demand of their religion, and its hearty, vigorous support as a sacred duty highly acceptable to God !